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There can be no doubt about the legitimacy of this method of procedure so long as value is given for the pledges secured, but it comes dangerously near putting the city's art patronage on the basis of philanthropy, which is as false a ground as a large percentage of the art-store sales are made on. Certainly it seems an infraction on the dignity of a great institution to become party to a sales scheme that must of necessity savor of a lottery or pig-in-the-poke character. It simply means that the institution asks its friends for the sake of its proteges to buy, irrespective of what may be offered for sale, whereas the true support of American art—as of European—should rest on quality, and not on influence.

Apropos of this matter of support, one is impressed with the citation of pieces in the catalogue of the exhibition—the gems of the collection, the work one might be impelled to take home and live with, are not the high-priced pictures. It seems to have been assumed that certain names have a commercial—or art—value, and the pictures have been listed accordingly, when in truth this commercial—or art—value is more often a fiction emanating from conceit or presumption than a fact based on quality.

A. G. RANDOLPH.



IMITATION THE CURSE OF AMERICAN ART.

To write of sculpture, painting, or architecture separately, would be to risk falling into the error of nearly all art speculation of our day, and would result in dealing with the work done, with the medium and its technique, which is precisely what we wish to avoid. For what is true as regards the initial impulse of one is true of all three and any separate analysis must therefore necessarily occupy itself more or less with technique and medium.

Technique and medium are to the beginner of great moment—there is, indeed, a time when they seem to be everything—and many instructors, failing themselves as creative, independent artists, cling to methods as the panacea for everything. As a result all soul, all impulse is carefully trained away and the academic machine is overworked and strained beyond its natural purpose as a guide to expression, and I hold that—either from racial or temperamental lack—in our effort to emulate others, we have clutched blindly at manner, methods and medium so long that even our natural reasonableness has not led us to the slightest speculation as to why in the first place we produce a work of art at all.

Our genius for imitation has, in the field of painting, made us imitators and illustrators, and our want of imagination forces æsthetic activity into simple narrative or into meaningless tone work. If sculpture seems to have fared better than painting or architecture (which I do not admit), it is because the medium forces the sculptor into a dramatic and epic state of mind and obliges concentration, and therefore elimination of much that is mere luggage in the other two arts. Thus sculpture seems, at least, to affect loftier and nobler forms of expression. However, I resent any separation of the trio, nor can I conceive of any

monumental effort in one branch independent and complete without the aid of the essential characteristics of both of the others. Painting has no value without form and structure; sculpture has no place without color value and form; building does not reach the dignity of architecture until it seeks beauty of form and color values.

Sculpture occupies the happy position of serving as the avenue via which the structure, the building, becomes an art work, through the original desire to relieve, ornament, and generally embellish. The step from this to color is a short one; to give topical or historical character to ornament is but a step farther, and we reach in one stride complete expression in three branches of what is but a single art impulse. It is this line of speculation, I believe, which will most help the struggling American temperament, not only to find itself, but to regain some kind of mastery over itself, its art, and the one or more mediums in which it elects to express itself.

I believe in the unity—that is, the singleness of the æsthetic impulse that produces monumental art, whereas there can be little else than our present Tower of Babel confusion, as long as we allow the medium in the fine arts to limit our æsthetic expression.

Believing in the high state sculpture occupies in the trio—a position so high that it is difficult to admit it as second even to the main structure, which however, it must be—I urge the student so to divide his study that he may know the value of the others—know them as his true aids and that he may then add his special gifts as master of his part to the whole. This, I believe, is the most needed note to be struck today in our rag-time æsthetics. We have ignored or wantonly destroyed our natural, therefore our own impulses; we have, however, from patch-work quilts and rag-carpets, grown to writing and thinking rag-time art, and that is something.

We are borrowers, however, beggars and vandals; we have cobwebbed our æsthetic sense with the debris of Europe; we have not learned that every building is a temple, that it is built around some belief, even though that belief be disbelief; if it is sincere, it is as sacred as anything ever conceived in Greece, Italy or France, though it dethrones all. In our art we have pieced together the debris of glorious but forgotten ages, which we neither feel or understand. I do not believe it is generally realized how responsible sepulchral sculpture has been in establishing a stilted and narrow conception of monumental art. The Greek, the Italian, and the Gothic sculptors realized this medium lent itself as readily to life and incident as painting. We Puritans have held only the former viewpoint. Anything like life in a bit of marble or bronze fairly startles us, and so disturbs the settings generally provided for them, that our architects will not permit work with any vitality on their buildings, and I may add that few of our buildings have enough vitality to bear a vital piece of sculpture.

Yet I see no other way for young Americans with a love for form than to vitalize their emotions; and if the husks of European structures must forever serve as guide for our architects, they will have to vitalize them to meet our demand for life. We have shown, even as a people, that we love art, that we are judges of art as an art. We know the

product, but we have not learned that paint and clay and bronze are building material, not expression. We are afraid of life, of what is natural, simple, unconventional—of in fine, our impulses, our feelings, the source from which must come soon or late all that is good and worth while in our art.

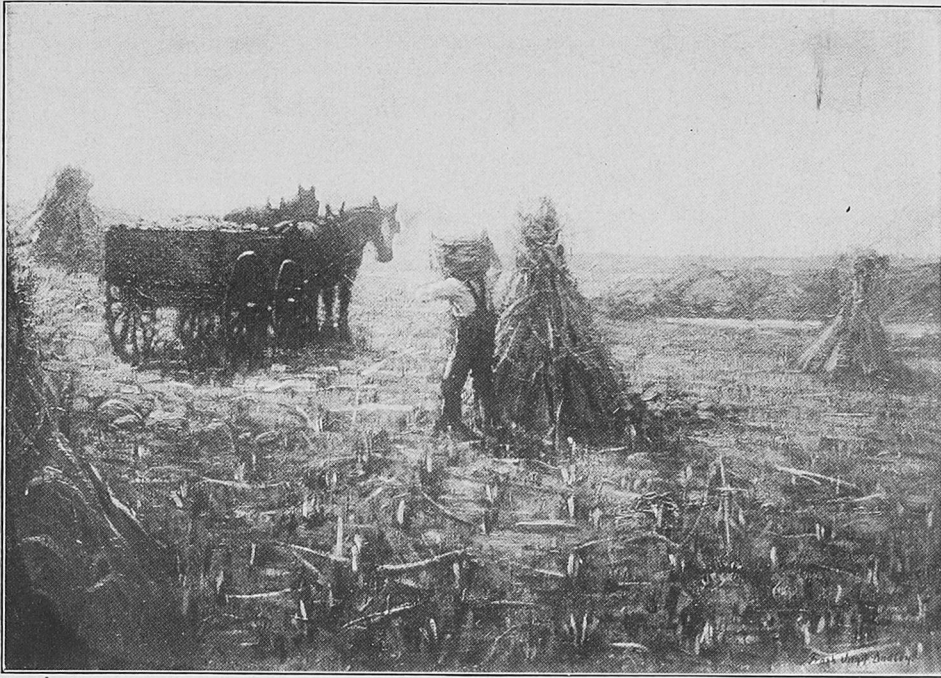
Egypt gave us possibly all that can be expressed of the wonder and the mystery of God. There is nothing better extant than her silent, inexplicable sculptured monuments. What use has our trivial age made of them? What learned? She pointed at the mystery of God with a reverence no other people have shown us.

Greece deified the emotions and has given us the story of her life, and mythology, ennobled and dignified. She has drawn us so close to her life and so ennobled her characters that whether she deals with simple realism or enters the realm of the ideal, she remains ever in her art the first in rank. Two thousand years of Christianity have produced little good monumental art that can be compared with either Greece or Egypt. The threat of Hell, the reward of Heaven coupled with the tendency to materialize our deities have made them personages with whom we might use reason, appeal, or intercession, and as a result centuries of artistic activity have dealt with little else than pity, pain, fear or the torments of lost souls.

The great monuments of the world are the mile-posts in the roll of



AN ILLINOIS HOMESTEAD
By Charles Francis Browne



THE LAST LOAD
By Frank V. Dudley

the centuries—their production marks like a sad sweet refrain the great moments of the race—they represent the people's nearness to God and their joy to tell us where they once stood. Every monument is the last note—a personal message sent down to the people to come.

And yet if the life of a nation is key and motive for its feeling and expression, what can Greece or Egypt or Rome boast of compared to America? Have we not forgotten what it meant to the tired old human race with fifteen hundred years of superstition choking its soul, torturing its conscience—to suddenly find a new world? To me but the mention of this brings a flood of hope, youth and opportunity that rejuvenates everything.

It is the habit to think the past is the more picturesque. If art requires borrowed finery to make its matter interesting, we have never been wanting; that demand is but part of the weakness of our viewpoint and garment is absolutely of no importance. We are the greatest achievement of that short period in Italy we call the Renaissance. Humanism and Freedom were our parents and after firing Italy like a mad wayward son, we slipped away, found and fired a hemisphere. We may have been free-booters, vagabonds, but we had half a world to operate in. Had the initial spirit that leads us not been born in that splendid hour in Italy, when man discovered and freed himself and the world—what I mean is, had the incentive for liberty of conscience, the

color of humanism and individual freedom not marked that birth, but some other mean impulse, what would America have been?

America has been the home, the refuge, for wounded mankind, the free unvaulted, unguarded promised land where a man's conscience might creep without fear into his hourly acts.

We prohibit religious doctrines taught in our schools, but is there a single truth in our religion not included in the daily instruction? And yet for going on five hundred years of this stout-hearted life with all the epics of history lived and re-lived a million times have left us silent in our art; four hundred years and we don't know our own story and of course never tell it; nor has its soul crept into a single monument. We have had the "strenuous life" preached until the noise of our activity reverberates throughout the world; "the pace that kills" has been the answer. Are we not old enough to dispense with the "big stick"? YES—but so fossilized is our art world nothing but heroic methods can deliver us there.

Strangely enough, however, Christendom has appreciated art. With Bible and Bædeker in hand we have sacked in turn Italy, Greece and Egypt, not even their dead were sacred to us. In little more than a decade or two each of their countries builded enough art to stock every Christian museum in the world.

We seem to be like a lot of wanderers strayed from forms, customs and elegancies, and we blindly reach back into time, into the past, for something we seem to want, never dreaming that the origin of these very things we seek is always with us and that the impulse that tore us away from our ancient moorings, marked the dawn of a nobler religion, and that if this be sincerely expressed as we understand it in our honest moments, we will produce a nobler art.

Our life is turbulent, vast. It teems with savagery, is poetical, tender and at once uncouth and chivalrous. Nothing daunts us; we make and unmake in a day what older nations grind over centuries. Yet in art we fumble, copy, steal, deceive ourselves, most of all, and play the cheat to our own souls where we should at least be honest. We furnish ourselves with imported finery until our homes have become records of our vandalism, and in our haste to acquire respectability we affect a propriety we neither feel nor believe in. Fluid manners that meet any occasion, old tapestries, fluted columns, replicas of any old thing are added to our hollow walls. Sham and make-believe have become chronic and possessed the soul of the artist.

It is a question that we should put to ourselves and answer, why it is that in a period so rich in constructive spirit, presided over by men whose lives seem to be agencies of the greater God—why their stoutness of heart has not reached the feeling of the people who sing our song, write our lives, build our monuments.

I do not believe in our artists of today, nor do I believe in the architects of today. They are little better than the average Beaux-Arts output of Paris. Their designs, their buildings are little better than the average Beaux-Art project. They are mostly young men, mostly I say, lacking in individuality and in temperament, who have studied the schools of Europe to perfect themselves in æsthetic occupations into

which they have drifted, not because they were burdened with something *they must say*, but because of the pleasantness of the occupation. I have closely questioned a great many young men who have taken up the study of art and architecture, and I have found them strangely lacking in purpose and wholly without the feeling that they had something to do or say. We are a band of eavesdroppers and our table talk the gossip of the new ideas last summer in old Europe gave us.

I will go a little further and say this: If you want to find our artists, turn to the men who are converting into great heaps our industries, who are cutting the continents in two, who are connecting the east with the west, the north with the south, who are letting the sea into the heart of the nation and our products out—these are the men of dreams, of fairy tales, who have the power to make them all come true, the character to satisfy our souls. There is no vital activity here that does not sweep from sea to sea and pole to pole before its promoter dreams of hearing the returning echo.

Our artists must speak with the same voice—our hands must fix in bronze and in steel and marble the same soul—nothing else will suffice.

We will not have any æsthetic expression; we will not have very much that is American; we will not see in our buildings much that tells us of what we mean to the world, but our bulk, until the soul of all this power gets into our song, into our painting, into our sculpture. And is it too much to expect into our architecture?

The curse—the disease in American art is its complete disbelief in itself. Puritanism has bred a kind of soul cowardice, so the Anglo-Saxon artist sits with his smug smile and deaf soul, plodding to his mediocre height, dead to the world of impulse he cannot understand, while the people, the “ignorant public,” the “indifferent public” as he calls it, longing for vitality, something that speaks back to it, sacks Europe for its masterpieces.

So far our art, or æsthetic activity has been imitation—one long and almost unbroken line of imitation. Let the younger men be warned by this sea of failures and listen to the call of nature in their own souls. The fact is artificiality has been gulped at as a substitute for culture and what is no less extraordinary, it is the well groomed who play the falser note.

To be original, be natural, that is enough; be honest and sincere and you will be original. Begin each day with a mind as open as a child's, negatively alive to the new world and new year that begins with every dawn. Reverence your impulses, respect them as you would the tenderest shoots from your costliest bulbs. Theory, knowledge, precedents kill impulse even as certainly as life murders youth.

I believe it is safe to say that the impressionability of Rodin has kept his reason and impulse always hand in hand, and he is therefore as frank and youthful, as full of charm at sixty-five as he was at thirty. He seems to open his eyes each morning with as much wonder and impressionability as a youth of twenty. What is called Rodinesque is simply a frank and unreasoned statement of fact. The beauties you find in his work happen by the way. You cannot imitate it unless you nestle into his viewpoint and feel life as he feels it.

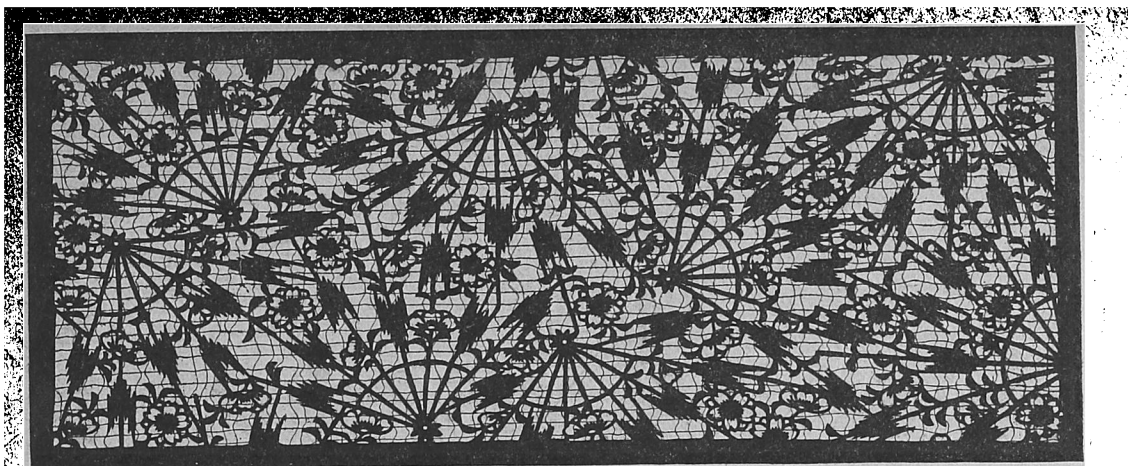
Angelo on the other hand showed the element of decay as early as when he produced his "David"; with a mind philosophical, two-thirds scientific, he established canons immediately; he was so much a theorist that he re-tramped his own footprints before he was forty. He found a *way*, where there is no way; he established forms that he himself condemned.



OUTSKIRTS OF VILLAGE
By J. H. Vanderpoel

Artists and confreres know this. The need of food and shelter is the root of trade, business and banking if you like. Feeling, love, emotions are the origin of all that is civil—and æsthetic—activity. Art is the social service; we could not mumble a vowel to each other, convey the idea of form were it not for art, and the artist has a right to consideration and reward of the first order. But you must speak your soul's cry and if your heart is right, it will be our nation's cry and we will all understand.

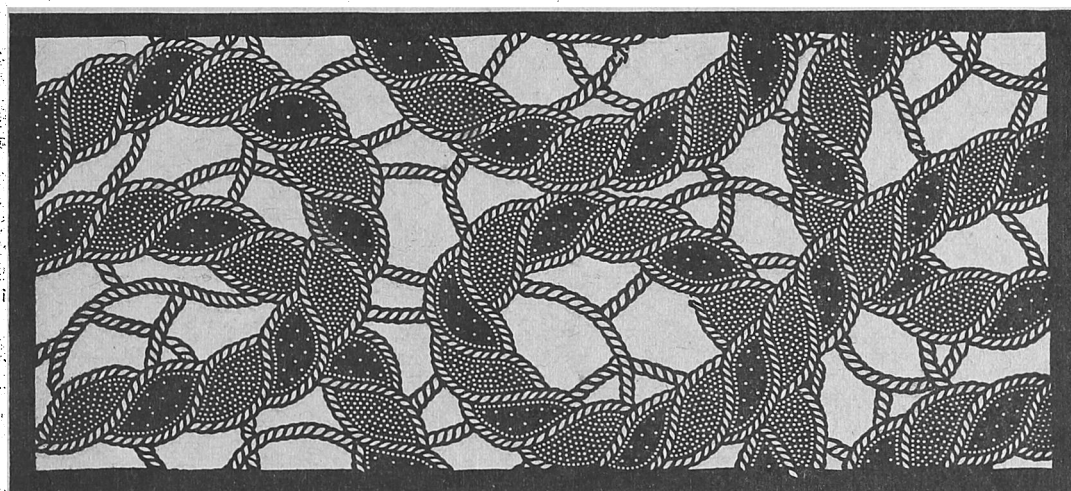
Something is wrong with us (momentarily I hope), but dead wrong. The world doesn't want, need or respect as artists, the triflers with the brush—clay or technique. It wants men, large in their sympathies, large understanding, courageous in their work. Don't be afraid—if the committees do not come with frank, open and honest wishes, if they do return their commission—you can afford it—though you are starving. Your courage will reward you more than all else—and committees are looking for courage and understanding in art.



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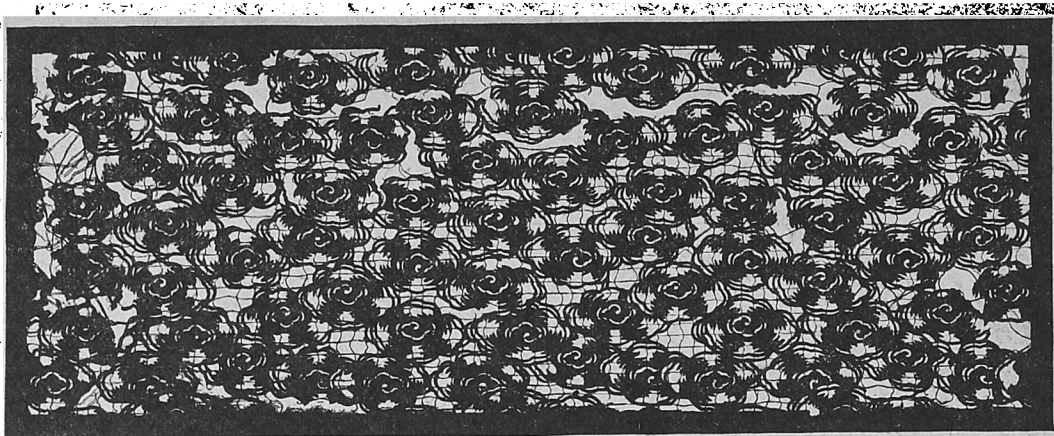


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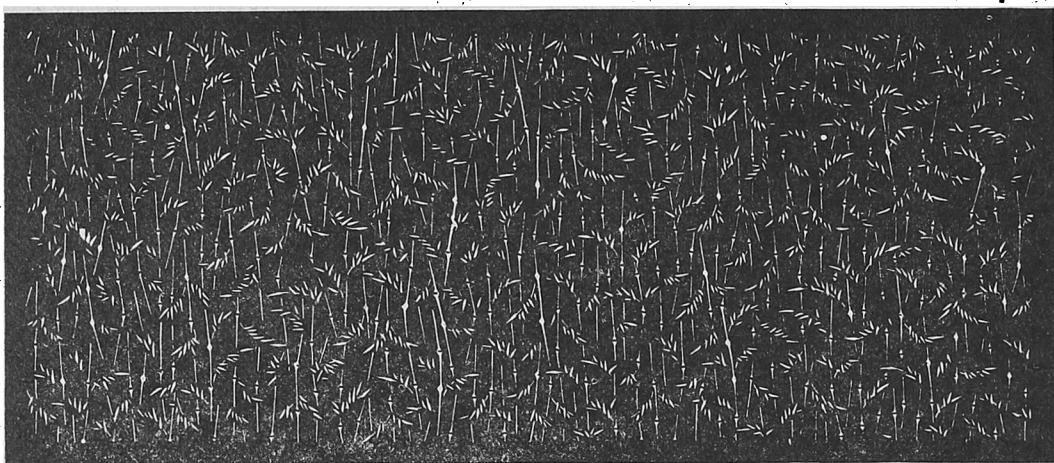


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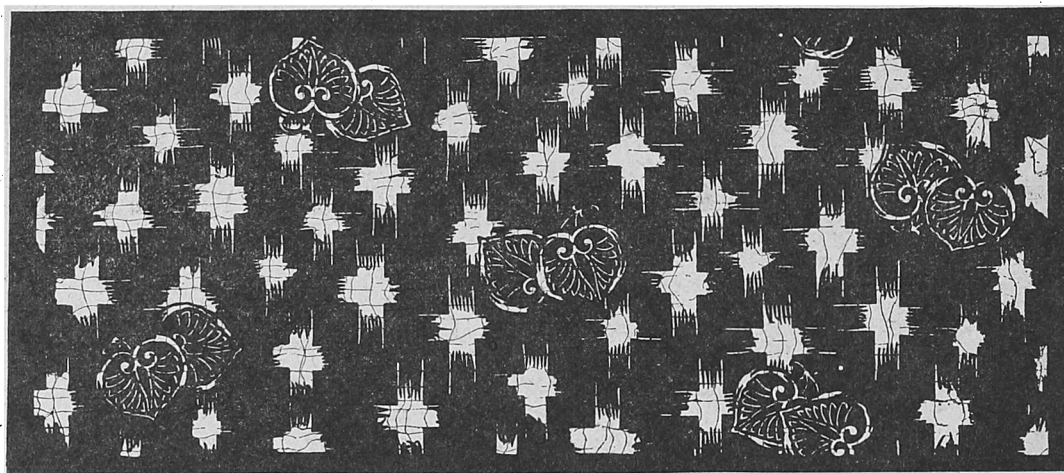
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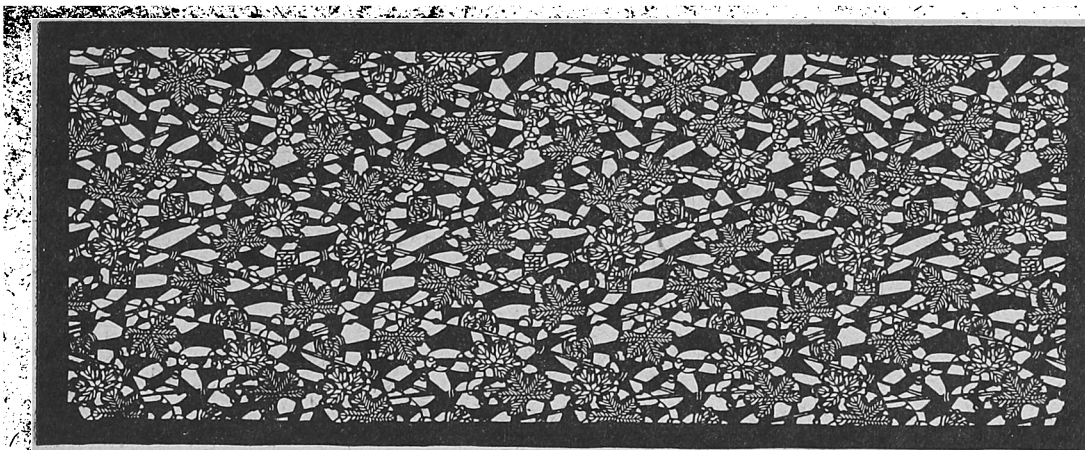


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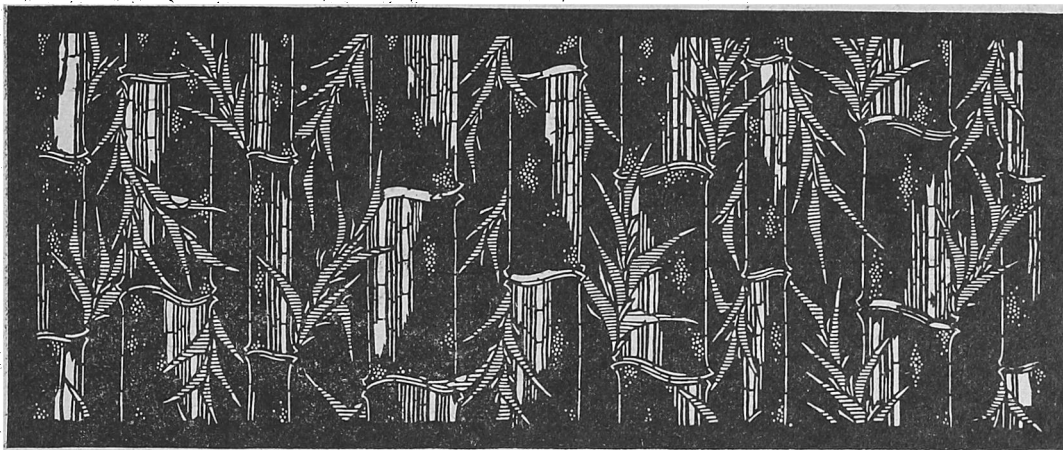


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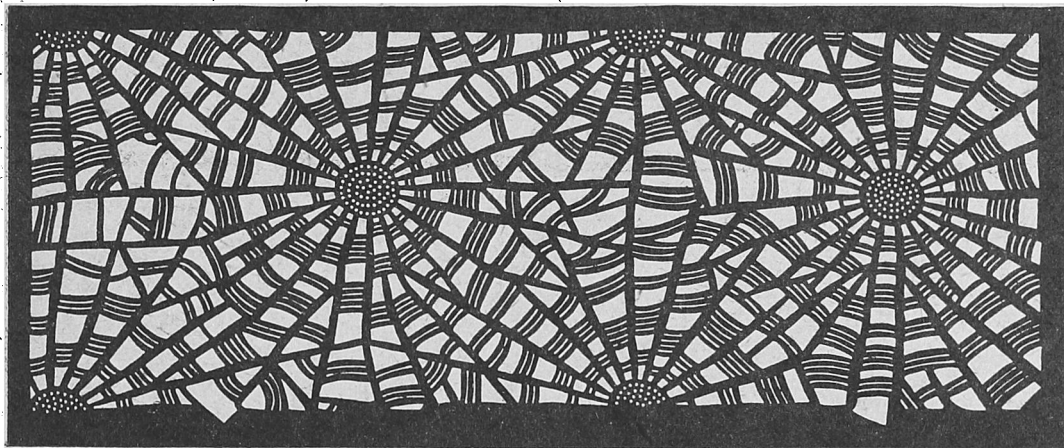
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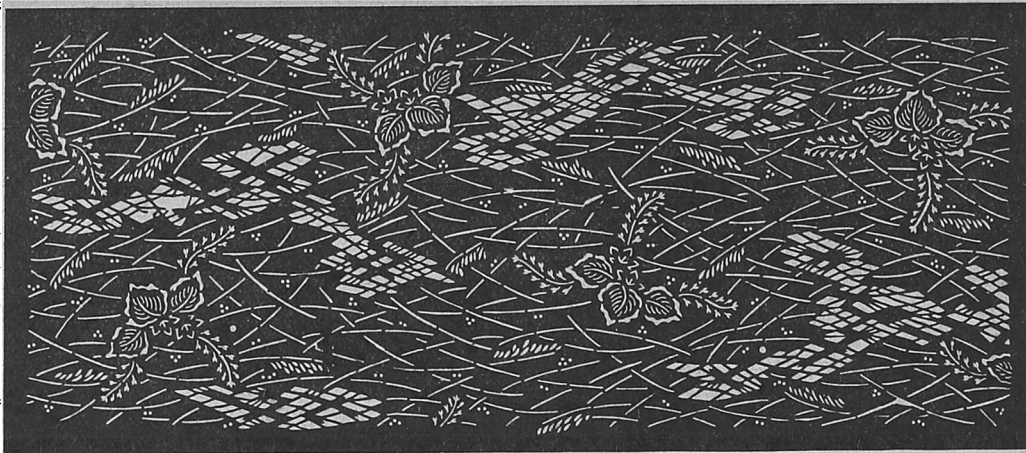


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Each day brings to the real man a duel, and lucky he considers himself if it brings him several. Invite rebuffs, invite difficulties, and pray success may not come to us too early, before we are old enough to understand. A man cannot hand the race's message down until he has lived the part and necessity is a probe many a comfortable grey-beard would gladly have a taste of. All this I say, for I know what it means to wait—I know too the reward waiting brings.

Be courageous, and remember, that were it not for you the race would be a nomadic horde. Work, it is work only that brings nearness to the soul of nature, oneness with the passions, joys, the terrors and the comforts. We speak of the weather, the sun, the rain, the storm—the moods of nature as if they were alien conditions quite apart from us. We should never know when the rain, the snow, the hail, the wind did not seem our own doing, as if we had ordered it.

A great deal has been said about our architects and the great work they are performing in this country: the unprecedented building. As a distinguished French writer observed: "Not satisfied with going to Heaven, they burrow down to Hell." I would like to ask the architects what there is extraordinary in these buildings that are but the multiplication of the old strata of office room that run floor upon floor through every city. Their motives, architecturally, are practically all "cribbed" as they themselves term it. The feat of building is one of engineering. What then does the work of the architect of today become but one of decorating?

The decorating end—the house-furnishing department—in so many of our architect firms of today is more directly responsible for the great amount of foreign what-not importations than any other activity in the country, and the thin, wholly unreal skin they face our buildings with are unfitted for real sculpture. In their haste—for they are the busiest of men—they order what they call the architectural figure. There is no such thing as an architectural figure—that's another and nicer name for what is really a dead figure. Something that's nothing—something that will not by contrast make their facade look like papier mache.

Every figure a master builds is architectural, that is stands firmly equalized upon its base and belongs in general arrangement of masses to the scale of its setting. The architect rarely if ever considers the motive or impulse that creates a building in the first place—and where is the propriety in this general selection of the Greek temple for our Stock Exchanges? I've wondered what kind of an exchange our churches will suggest to some future decadent race.

The public library should properly come under the head of public monuments. And yet I do not know of one in the country I would—impelled by its arrangement for study—spend a quarter of an hour in. There is not a library in the country that I know of that differs very much in its construction from the average hotel or railway station. The first-class hotel offers quiet advantages for study no public library I know of attempts to give. No human being would build so for himself. And no being—very human—appreciating the feelings that are inseparable from study could ever build as they do, for humanity. Why do

our architects not feel the psychology of the impulse that brings a public *library* into existence and work from around that?

Take the question of our homes. Order a home from the average architect of today in this country and what will he do? He wants to know cost of course that governs somewhat the material to be used, and dimensions. Neither are of consequence to us, that is, it is not a question whether it is five hundred dollars or as many thousand; whether the building be of bronze or bark. It is a question entirely of how he approaches the problem given him and how he makes his house—the *home* of his clients.

The English have carried this almost to perfection, and our colonial ancestors, isolated and dependent upon themselves, having real country life and no architectural papers to tell them how to build, shaped simple and wonderful structures about themselves to fill their needs, and the ornament, no matter how simple, was not a borrowed mask, but was their own farmer Greek sense of what seemed fitting adornment.

There is another monument I wish to speak of, a monument to politics and to the profession of building. I refer to the Harrisburg Capitol. This building was ordered by the State at a cost I believe of \$4,000,000 and "any other moneys necessary not otherwise appropriated." There is a building proposition for you. Look at that for political investment. Fancy getting on the ground floor on such a deal. Let us take a single item—the electroliers—\$400,000—approximately, is given as the contract price. There seems to have been some kind of clause in the contract so that they were paid for by weight of metal. Do you know what the profit means when you can make fixtures for \$400,000 and can by simply adding tonnage get \$2,000,000 for the same thing. No wonder copper has gone up.

I am telling you this as a preliminary to notice I wish to give to George Gray Barnard's works. About fifty statutes ordered by these same people who drew the contracts for the electroliers were to be done in marble and at a cost of \$100,000. Barnard is at the end of his rope; he has worked hard and long and the money is gone. He went to Paris, the cheapest place in the world to produce art. Fancy America creeping off to Europe to give birth to its first-born! And now the cry has gone up, "there is not money enough to bring the offspring home."

Barnard's commission was the first great monumental effort put in hand in all America. Imagine fifty figures we are told all in marble, for \$100,000. Compare with this the Grant monument about \$240,000, the Lafayette Equestrian, a single horseman about \$100,000, and there are half a dozen others in the same class as far as appropriation goes.

I have recently had a letter from the mother of Mr. Barnard thanking me for some remarks I made to the press favorable to her son regarding the Harrisburg work. She asked in part, "Will the art world permit these art works to be destroyed?" I replied: "Your son's works will not be saved by the art world, for there is no art world here, and I am afraid there is not a single artist who will raise a protesting voice against the possible loss."

GUTZON BORGLUM.